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GIRLS IN ITALY.

THE nineteenth century will be renowned for the strides made in education all over the world, as well as for innumerable other advances, improvements, inventions, discoveries, &c. It is not our intention, however, in the present paper to deal with education generally, but to turn our attention to that momentous question in Italy, and see in what condition it is with regard to the education of girls. In days long gone by, it will be remembered, women in Italy held high positions, and exercised a considerable influence in letters, science, and art; but affairs are very different now, and much to be deplored. The education of girls is in a low state. No progressive spirit has induced the people to endeavour to improve the lamentable state of affairs. A few ladies, fired with energy and zeal, are working strenuously to obtain the better education of the daughters of Italy. There is nothing in Italy like our own girls' schools, which, indeed, are almost unique. Ours are pre-eminently 'formative' institutions. It is rather apt to be overlooked, that in order to elevate girls into good and thoroughly useful women a very careful training is necessary.

Italy is in much the same condition as to the education of her girls as we were some fifty or sixty years ago, before Newnham and Girton leavened us. The universities are open to girls; but only about five or six avail themselves of university teaching, because the school education is not of a kind to fit them for the same place at the commencement as the young men; and in Italy girls of thirteen and fourteen would not be allowed to go to the *lycée* and *gymnase* schools with the boys of the same age, who obtain a thorough education there. As a rule, Italian girls are listless and care only for dress. There is no word for 'training' in Italian, a significant fact, just as there is no expression equivalent to 'comfortable.' In order to show how low the state of education is, we should here mention that there is no home-life in Italian

circles. Father, mother, sons, and daughters do not discuss with each other what is going on in the world, at home and abroad, nor do they venture upon literary topics. The gentlemen seek their mental companionship elsewhere, either at the cafés or the ballets. Both they and their ladies would laugh at reading and having literary talks. It would be an immense boon if intellectual intercourse between the sexes, now unknown, could be effected. Education till recently was so backward among the upper classes, that Madame Zampini Salazaro's father was a distinguished man, broad-minded, whilst his sister could not sign her name! Madame Salazaro, an Italian lady with Irish blood in her veins, who lives at Naples, is quite a pioneer of intellectual development amongst Italian ladies.

Till 1800, any lady who could write her signature was supposed to make no other use of her accomplishment except in the writing of love-letters, not much to her ultimate benefit. This explains in a great measure the view taken of women in Italy, and the position they allow themselves to occupy. Innocence was supposed to be only compatible with ignorance.

There are for middle-class girls three kinds of schools: the convent schools, where nuns teach, chiefly embroidering flowers, and religion—not its history, but 'practical' devotions. The Government schools do not answer to our high-schools, and are not nearly so good. The terms are low, some five or six francs a month. These attempt to teach the natural sciences; but they are all badly organised. The teaching is very poorly paid, and is not appreciated. There are examinations, and the schools work up for anything they just happen to have set before them for the time being, so that there is no firm basis of mental culture. There are three or four so-called superior schools, two of which are in Rome (*Scuola Femminilia Superiora*), and these are not much better. There is the most languid interest in higher education, although there are a few notable exceptions. There is one lady-doctor

practising in Rome, who is doing fairly well; but, as might have been expected, she has had to encounter many prejudices. Queen Margherita is very anxious to see the better education of girls, and with that the advancement of women. She has named this lady, Lady-doctor to her Court; and she has also been appointed doctor to the employees on the telegraph service in Rome. There are two other lady-doctors at Bologna, who studied with the men at the universities. Bonghi opened the road of medicine to women. No Italian lady has spoken in public except Madame Salazaro, who lectures at Naples on women's education and rights. She frequently lectures in Rome at the Palombella, where the Roman Scuola Femminilia Superiore is, expressly for the Italian women. There is a private school in Rome, which is really a very good school, kept by a family named Nathan, and here girls can obtain some knowledge to fit them for their later years if they so choose.

For the daughters of poor parents there are the municipal schools, which provide a free elementary education. At these schools they are just beginning to teach them to cook and sew; but their tendency is to be too technical and not sufficiently mental. They do not attempt to talk or read to them whilst they sew, but sit silent. Primary instruction is compulsory, according to the law of 1859. The schools are composed of a lower and higher grade, each of two classes. In the former are taught reading, writing, elementary arithmetic, the elements of the metrical system, the Italian language, and religion. In the higher grade, in addition to the studies of the lower, are taught composition, penmanship, national history, elementary geography, book-keeping, and elementary science. The schools of the lower grade have to be maintained by every commune; whilst those of the higher grade have to be established in all towns having more than four thousand inhabitants. Teachers are allowed to punish their pupils by admonition, a note of censure in the school register, separation from their comrades, or suspension, of which parents must be informed; but they are forbidden to use harsh and offensive words, or to inflict corporal punishment and extra lessons as penalties. Girls of fifteen are allowed to enter the normal schools, which are of three kinds: those supported by the Government, by the provinces, and by private persons. The normal schools are also governed by certain laws, and the course of study comprises three years. The first two years are devoted to a preparation for teaching in the lower grades, and in the third year for the higher grades. The curriculum includes religion and morality, pedagogy, the rudiments of natural history and natural philosophy, drawing, music, and the principles of hygiene, as well as arithmetic, geometry, and book-keeping.

In 1861, Milan founded a higher school for girls, as it was found that so many attended the normal schools without any idea of ever teaching, but merely for the sake of a higher education. This school met with such success that other cities established similar schools. In these schools the course of study comprises ethics, Italian language and literature, hygiene, the natural sciences, French language and litera-

ture, book-keeping, penmanship, gymnastics, and needlework. Besides these studies, which are obligatory, some have also introduced the study of German and English.

It will be observed that in all schools great stress is laid upon penmanship; but little attention is bestowed upon foreign languages. The course of instruction comprises three years in all these higher schools, except in Milan, where it is four years, so that more time may be devoted to natural science. The school in Milan was for some time free; but as it was seen in other cities that a fee could be required without detriment to the school, a charge of fifty lire was made, which is the usual fee in the other cities. Students must be twelve years of age, and must have graduated from the primary school and passed a certain examination. Besides these, there are some other schools which board either all or a part of their pupils, and here special stress is laid on the so-called 'accomplishments'—music, dancing, drawing, foreign languages, &c.

With all these Government schools and 'high' schools, if we may use the term, it would seem that Italian girls should be able to make some better use of their lives. Of course, all are not equally apathetic and frivolous; to instance this, one young girl in a Government school broke her right arm, but she persevered, and accomplished all her writing with her left arm! Unfortunately, women in Italy are still regarded as the moral slaves of men, as may be judged from the civil and penal codes, and as a result, a low opinion of them is very general. Nothing is provided to elevate their characters or to make them self-reliant or strong.

There are several cultivated and influential men and women endeavouring to bring about a better state of things. The Countess Augusta Balzani, an Englishwoman, daughter of Professor Simon of Edinburgh, is Vice-president of the Society for promoting women's superior culture. The Queen of Italy is President of the Society, and most of the court ladies are interested in the work. The prime-minister's wife, Signora Crispi, is a zealous worker. Mrs William Grey, too, the authoress of that delightful book, *Last Words to Girls*, does a great deal for the educational cause—it can hardly be called 'movement,' for so few move.

Unmarried girls in Italy are supposed to look after the children of their married brothers and sisters, if they have any, as it is looked upon as degrading if they take to business; and the majority are very prejudiced against women-writers.

Signora Zampini Salazaro is about to establish an International Scientific and Literary Institute in Rome, to try whether that will help to elevate the girls of Italy.

From the foregoing remarks, it will be seen that the girls of Italy have a very different time of it from the girls of England. Italy must bear in mind that to instruct woman is to instruct man; to elevate her character is to raise his; and to enlarge her mental freedom is to extend and secure that of the whole community. For are not nations the outcomes of homes, and peoples of mothers? Her girls need not live grand lives, but good and useful ones,

doing the work which falls to their lot faithfully and conscientiously; for, as George Eliot tells us, 'the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life.'

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

CHAPTER XII.—A STORM OF WIND.

THE atmosphere now took a deeper tinge of gloom. Thunder had followed the blaze of lightning in the west, low, distant, but continuous, like a rapid succession of the batteries of several ships of war heard from afar; and as the echoes of this ominous growling swept to our ears over the glass-smooth heave of the swell, the fresh dye of gloom came into the day and made an evening darkness of the afternoon.

All the ladies were below; but shortly after Mr Johnson had left me, Miss Temple came on deck and went to the side to look at the stranger, and there lingered, with her gaze upon the western sky, over which the lightning was now running in fluid lines, a cascading of fiery streaks with a frequent dull opening blaze low down, which the heads of the swell would catch and mirror as though it were an instant gleam of sunset. Had she condescended to glance my way, I should have joined her. She loitered a while, and then left the deck; and at the same moment the second mate came forward to the break of the poop and called out an order for the foresail and mizzen topsail to be furled and the foretopsail to be close reefed.

'Very unpleasant state of suspense this,' said little Mr Saunders, stealing to my side and looking up into my face.

'Very,' I answered; 'but it seems as if the weather was to extinguish our anxiety as regards the brig.'

'Yes,' said he. 'I heard the captain tell Mr Prance that he believes there is a gale of wind behind that storm yonder.—Gracious me! what a very vivid flash. Hark! it nears us quickly.'

There was a rattling peal of thunder now, a long volleying roar of it, and a few large drops of rain fell. Mr Cocker stood at the rail with a telescope in his hand. He busily watched the men up aloft, sometimes letting fly an order to the boatswain in a voice that went past the ear like a stone from a sling. A large drop of rain splashed upon Mr Saunders' nose.

'It's about to burst, I think,' said he, looking straight up into the heavens with his modest yearning eyes. 'I shall go below;' and down trotted the little creature.

'Mr Cocker,' said I, 'lend me your glass for an instant, will you?' I pointed it at the brig. 'Yes,' I exclaimed, talking to the second mate with the telescope at my eye; 'I believed I was not mistaken. Full of men, indeed! Phew! Why, there are hands enough upon her yards to furnish out the complement of a fifty-gun frigate.'

It was indeed as I said. They were furling

all canvas upon the stranger, intending apparently to let her meet what was to come with a small storm foretrysail, which I could see a crowd of seamen bending and making ready for setting. Her fore and topsail yards were loaded with men swarming like bees along the thin delicate lines of spars, and even as I watched, the canvas they were rolling up melted away into slender streaks of white, like leaves of trees devoured by insects. There looked to me to be at least a hundred of a crew to the vessel.

'The weather will put an end to her, I expect,' said I.—'Very lucky for us, Mr Cocker.' A large crew of ruffians and six guns of a side, not to mention a twenty-four pounder in the bows, and cutlasses and small-arms in galore, hardly form a joke. It is easy to figure the beauty, that sails, I daresay, three feet to our one, quietly sheering alongside and throwing seventy or eighty of her children aboard, dark-skinned assassins, armed to the teeth, reeking of garlic.—Well, hang me, Mr Cocker, if I didn't believe that the times of those gentry had passed some years ago.'

His lips were moving to answer me, but there was a wide and blinding flash of lightning at that instant that set the heavens on fire, immediately followed by a crash of thunder as deafening as though a first-rate had blown up close aboard us. Yet again the scowl of the clouds deepened in darkness, and the brig grew vague on a sudden in the gloom of the storm.

'There comes the rain!' cried Mr Cocker, pointing to a line of grayish shadow with a look of steam boiling up as it were from the base of it. It drew creeping slowly on to the brig, and its perpendicular fall made one think of it as of a vast sheet of water up above overflowing and cataracting sheer down over the edge of a cloud.

'There is no wind there,' said I; 'it is a regular Irishman's hurricane right up and down.—But here goes for a waterproof.'

I trundled below for a suit of rubber clothes, being too anxious to observe what was to happen to choose to leave the deck. All the passengers were congregated in the cuddy, and the lightning, as it glittered in the portholes and skylights, flashed up their faces in the gloomy atmosphere, making them look a pale and trembling crowd. The Colonel was pacing the deck near the piano. Miss Hudson leaned against her mother with her hands over her eyes. If ever there came a brighter flash than usual, one lady or another would scream. Colledge and Miss Temple sat over a draughtboard; but I could not gather from the hurried glance I threw over the people as I passed through them that they were playing. I equipped myself from head to foot in water-proofs and came again into the saloon on my way to the poop.

'Are you going on deck, Dugdale?' cried Mr Johnson, shouting aloud, to render his voice audible above the continuous cannonading of the thunder.

'Yes,' I replied.

'You will be struck dead, sir,' called out Mrs Hudson.

'I have half a mind to join you,' said Mr Emmett, jumping up with a wild look at the skylight: 'it's simply beastly down here.'

'Hark to that!' bawled the Colonel; 'there's a shower for you!'

The wall of rain had reached us. For a minute before it struck the ship you could hear it hissing upon the sea like twenty locomotives blowing off steam; then plump! came the cataract on to our decks. Had every drop been a brick, the noise could not have been more astounding. One couldn't hear the thunder for the roaring of the fall of water and hailstones, though the deep and awful note of the electric storm was in it to add to its tremendous sound.

'Where's the steward?' bawled the Colonel in his loudest tones. 'Confound it, are we to be left in total blackness here? Why don't some one light the lamps?'

'Are you coming on deck, Mr Emmett?' I cried; but he had sunk back on his seat with his arms folded and his head bowed; and obtaining no reply, I walked to the companion steps, receiving, as I passed Miss Temple, a half-interrogative glance from her, which made me look again in readiness to answer the question that seemed to hover on her lips. But her eyes instantly dropped, and the next instant she had turned to say something to her aunt, who was on a sofa behind her; so, rounding on my heel, up I went into the smoking wet.

There was nothing to be seen but rain—such a sheet of it as one must explore the latitudes we were in to parallel. The lightning flashed amidst it incessantly, and every line of the falling water sparkled like glowing wire in dazzling hues of crimson and of violet alternating.

I had not been a minute in the hatchway when the heavens seemed to be split open to the very heart of their depths by a flash of lightning, followed in the space of the beat of a heart by a shock of thunder that seemed to happen immediately over our mastheads—a most soul-subduing crash, if ever there was one! and as if by magic, the rain ceased, and the atmosphere sensibly brightened. There was a great noise of shrieking in the cuddy, and half-blinded, and pretty handsomely dazed by that terrible blast of lightning and the thunder-clap which had followed, I crept down the steps with my pulse beating hard in my ears to see what had happened, scarce knowing but that some one had been struck, and perhaps killed.

'What is it?' I shouted to the Colonel, who stood at the foot of the ladder.

'Only Mrs Hudson in hysterics,' he roared; on hearing which I went up again, being in no temper to make one of the nervous company below.

The swell had flattened; all to starboard there was an oozing as of daylight into the breathless thickness, with ugly hump-shaped masses of black vapour defining themselves up in the ugly sallow smother in a sort of writhing way, as though they were coming together in a jumble; but to port it was as black as thunder, an inky slope hoary with rain, with lightning spitting and zigzagging all over it. I went to the rail, where stood Mr Cocker with his clothes full of water.

'A pretty little shower!' said I.

'Very,' he answered, with his face showing of a bleached look like the flesh of a washerwoman's

hand. 'A plague on this sort of work, say I! This serge shrinks consumedly when drenched, and my trousers will be up to my knees to-morrow morning—three pounds ten as good as washed out of a man's pocket.'

'Where's your glass, Mr Cocker?'

'In that hencoop there,' said he.

I pulled it out, and directed it at the dim blotch of brig that had caught my eye stealing out of the wet dusk like the phantom of a ship.

'By my great-grandfather's wig!' cried I with a start. 'So! No fear now of being boarded. Our windpipes are safe for the present.—Look for yourself, Mr Cocker.'

He ogled her an instant, then bawled to the skipper, who was speaking to Mr Prance.

'The brig's been struck, sir! Her mainmast is over the side.'

In very truth it was as he declared. I whipped the glass out of his hand for another look, and, sure enough, could clearly distinguish a whole lumber of wreckage lifting to the roll of the subdued swell alongside the swaying hull of the brig. Her foremast and topmast stood intact to the cross-trees, but abaft she was as completely denuded as if a chopper had been laid to the foot of the mast.

I went to the companion way and called down to Colonel Bannister.

'Halloa? What now? Who wants me?' he shouted.

'Tell the ladies, Colonel,' I sung down, 'that the brig has been struck by lightning, and that our safety, so far as *she* is concerned, is assured.'

I heard him roar out the news as I went to the side again, and a moment after up rushed the whole body of passengers to see for themselves.

Old Keeling cried out: 'Ladies, be good enough to take my advice and return to the cabin. We shall be having a strong blow of wind coming along in a few minutes.'

'Mein Gott, she iss on fire!' here shouted Hemskirk, pointing directly at the brig with a fat forefinger, whilst with the other hand he kept a binocular glass glued to his eye.

'It is so then, sir!' cried Mr Prance to the skipper; 'there is smoke—apparently rising from her fore-hatch.'

Mr Cocker had replaced his telescope in the hencoop; I jumped for it, and in a trice had the lenses bearing upon the brig. There was an appearance of smoke, a thin bluish haze of it, as though mounting from a newly-kindled bonfire, slowly going spirally into the motionless air; but almost at the instant of my first looking I thought I could witness something of a ruddy tinge flashing for a breath into this smoke, as though to a sudden leap of flame. Though the brig lay at the same distance that had separated her from us throughout the afternoon, the shrouded and heaped-up vaporous wall of firmament beyond her seemed to heave her as close again to us as she really was; and now quite easily by the aid of the glass I could see her decks as she rolled them our way dark with her people, many of them hacking and hewing at her rigging, as though to clear away the wreckage; others seemingly passing buckets along; others, again, running wildly and as it might seem aimlessly about, whilst with the regularity of a swing

in action the beautifully moulded hull rolled quietly from side to side with a rhythmic oscillation of her one mast upon which the fragment of white trysail filled and hollowed as it beat the air, starting out upon the eye with a very ghastliness of pallor as it swelled to its cotton-like hue out of the shadow of its incurving, and hovered like some butterfly over the hideous dusky green of the swell.

I replaced the telescope.

'Here comes the wind!' I heard Mr Cocker sing out.

'Ladies,' cried old Keeling, 'let me beg of you to step below.'

Most of them complied, but a few lingered, staring with curiosity at the coming weather. I watched it with amazement, for never before had I seen a storm of wind coming down upon a ship in a sort of wall.

The wind struck the brig. My eye was upon her, and she disappeared in the shrieking whirl of flying spume as you extinguish a reflection in a mirror by breathing upon the glass. A minute later it was upon us. It smote the Indianan right abeam, and down she lay in a seething and hissing flatness of boiling waters, stooping yet and yet, till the line of the topgallant bulwark rail looked to be flush with the furious yeasty smother. There were two men at the helm holding the wheel jammed hard over. I swung to a belaying pin on the weather rail, and the poop deck went down from me to leeward at an angle that made one's eyes reel in the head to look along it.

I was waiting to see what the ship meant to do, when the weather maintopsail sheet parted, though a treble-reefed sail, with a sound like another clap of thunder, and in a moment the canvas was flogging away from the yard in ribbands, with Mr Cocker shouting at the top of his voice, and a crowd of seamen tumbling and capsizeing about the main deck to the officer's orders to haul upon the clewlines. It was at that instant, amidst all this prodigious hullabaloo, that I caught sight of Miss Temple to leeward of the mizzen mast holding on to some gear that was belayed at the foot of the mast. As my gaze rested on her, the rope she grasped either overhauled itself or was detached from the pin, and she swung out to leeward. There were hencoops and rails and the mizzen shrouds to save her from going overboard; but there was nothing to prevent her from breaking a limb, or even her neck, if she let go. Though my legs yet preserved something of their old seafaring nimbleness, the slope of the deck made desperate work for them. Yet the girl must be reached, and at once. She did not appear to have sense enough to lower herself down the rope till her feet touched, in which posture she might have hung with safety. She maintained her first clutch of the gear, and swung above the deck to the height of some two, perhaps three feet. Keeling, who was clinging to the weather vang, did not seem to see her. The helmsmen grinding at the wheel heeded nothing but their business.

There was only one means of arriving at the girl with any approach to swiftness. I dropped on to the deck, and went down upon my knees with my head to windward, and worked my way stern first in that attitude to the line of lee hencoops,

along which I made shift to travel half jammed by my own weight against the bars of the coops; until, coming abreast of the girl, I got upon my legs, and firmly planting my left foot against the bottom of the row of boxes in which the fowls were immured, and leaning on my right leg in a fencing posture, I put my arms round her waist and told her to let go. She did so at once, as likely as not because she could hold on no longer. The weight of her noble figure was rather more than I had bargained for. I had thought to hold her fairly off the deck and ease her away, whilst in my arms, down to the hencoop behind, on which she could sit; but she was too much for me. I was forced to let her feet touch the planks, where, losing her balance, she threw her arm round my neck to save herself from falling. The next moment I was lodged upon the hencoop, she on my knee, and her arms still enclosing my head; but this was only for a breath or two. It was easy to lift her to my side, and there she sat, her fine face dark with blushes, and her eyes sparkling with alarm and confusion and twenty other passions and emotions, whilst the curve of her bosom rose and fell with hysteric swiftness.

'What a very ridiculous position! It serves me right. I should have taken the captain's advice. I should have gone below.'

This was all my haughty companion condescended to say. Not a syllable of thanks—not a glance of softness to reward me! However, to be reasonable, she could have scarcely been audible had she attempted more words. Even to catch the few sentences she uttered I had to strain my ear to the movement of her lips, off which the wind clipped her speech with a silencing yell.

There had been but little thunder in the storm, which still showed livid over the eastern horizon, that surpassed the wild and prodigious roaring of this first outfly of the hurricane. The ship continued to lie down to the fierce sweep of the wind at the angle she had first reached to—it was as good or bad, indeed, as being on her beam ends—and Miss Temple and I were forced to keep our seats upon the hencoop, no more able to crawl up the deck to where the companion hatch was than had it been a slope of polished ice.

'Look!' I shouted to Miss Temple, and pointed over our stern, where, out of the flying faintness and thickness of spray, the figure of the brig was at that instant forming itself.

I sprang upon the hencoop, the better to see, grasping the mizzen shrouds for support.

'Shall I give you a hoist?' I cried to the girl.

Her curiosity was too strong: the flying brig—a fleeting vision of the object which had filled us with alarm and suspense throughout the day, was a wonder to be witnessed at such a time as that at any cost. Her lips parted in the word yes to the howl of the gale, and in a moment I had her up alongside of me, my arm through hers, securely gripping and supporting her, and the pair of us gazing breathlessly at the sight astern.

With her single mast rising to the topmast cross-trees, the yards square, the remains of the trysail streaming like white hair from gaff and boltrope, the brig swept under our stern, shooting sheer athwart, seething smoothly as a sleigh over a level plain of snow, and rushing before the

wind straight as the flight of an arrow. A coil of thick black smoke, whose base was reddened by sudden tongues of fire, blew over her bow, and coloured the atmosphere into which she rushed with a complexion of thunder. But the vision came and went in a few breaths like an object seen by lightning. So dense was the gale with spray, that there was scarcely a cable's length of opening round about us. The brig showed and was gone! a phantasm, with the white waters pouring over her sprit-sail yard as she rushed through it, and scarce more to be noted by the eye during the headlong swiftness of her plunge from one wall of spindrift into another, than the delicate lines of her rigging supporting the foremast, the bowsprit vanishing in the cloud of smoke blowing ahead of her, a length of white deck, a flash of skylight glass, the glimmer, so to speak, of some score of faces turned our way.

'She is on fire,' I cried in Miss Temple's ear: 'she carries a doomed crew into that thickness!'

She moved, as if to resume her seat, and very carefully I got her on to the hencoop again.

But the first terrific spite of the gale was now gone, and the squab form of the Indian-man lifting a little out of the seething caldron in which she lay with her main-deck rail flush with the yeasty surface, was beginning slowly to pay off. Her decks gradually grew level, and presently she was right before the wind, with the howl of it at her taffrail, and her huge bows heaping up the white sea till the leaps of the summits were at either cathead.

Mr Colledge's face showed in the companion-way.

'Oh, there you are, Miss Temple!' he roared. 'Mrs Radcliffe is firmly persuaded you have been blown overboard.'

She rose, but sat again, for the wind was too strong for her. Friend Colledge himself seemed pinned by the weight of it in the hatch.

'We may be able to manage it between us,' I shouted; and passing my arm through hers, I drove the pair of us to windward, and got her on to the companion ladder, down which she went.

HOW WARS ARE DECLARED.

ONE morning about the middle of January all the newspapers announced that Lord Salisbury had sent, through our Minister at Lisbon, an Ultimatum to the Portuguese Government requiring 'the withdrawal of all forces, officials, and expeditions of any kind from the banks of the Shiré River, beyond the confluence of the Ruo, and south of the Zambesi and Mashona Land.' Coupled with this demand was an intimation that failing a favourable answer within twenty-four hours, Mr Petre, our Minister, would leave the capital with the whole staff of the legation, and await further developments at Vigo.

Even to those unacquainted with the technicalities of diplomatic phraseology, the interpretation of this Ultimatum did not cause much difficulty. Whatever might be the precise significance

of the language, nobody doubted that practically if Portugal did not yield and our Minister went to Vigo, we should be in a state of war with Portugal. How far this conception of the state of affairs is strictly accurate will be shown shortly. That it should be the general impression, however, points to an interesting difference between the practice of ancient and modern times in the matter of the formalities incident to the Declaration of War.

It is no doubt true that the gravity of a great war is more realised now than in earlier ages; or perhaps it is more correct to say that the gravity of such a struggle under existing conditions is so utterly unrealisable that no Power cares rashly to provoke war. Hence, when events arise which lead to friction, the tendency has been in recent times to prolong diplomatic negotiations in the hope of finding a peaceful solution. But, on the other hand, when it has once become apparent that hostilities are inevitable, the final plunge into war is now taken with far less of courteous formality than in days of old.

Readers of Greek history must be familiar with instances of formal embassies sent to denounce and justify war. Among the Romans, a College of twenty priests known as Fetials was maintained for the express purpose of such services. They had certain implements and sacred herbs set apart for their special use; and they often travelled great distances to demand reparation from nations who had injured the Roman State, and, if this was refused, to denounce war against them.

Even had the practice of Rome not set such a precedent, it was inevitable from the nature of the organisation of the states which rose out of the ruins of the Empire, and which afterwards formed the nations of modern Europe, that the utmost formality of Declaration should precede a great war—and this for two reasons. In the first place, where, as on the Continent, there was almost unlimited right of private war, some official pronouncement was essential for the purpose of establishing a distinction between a mere squabble among a few barons and an act of hostility for which the community was responsible. Further, military enterprises were regarded as being not so much national undertakings as personal expeditions, levied for the private honour of the sovereign as feudal superior, and to be conducted therefore with all due observance of the rites of chivalry. Witness, as instances of this feeling, the challenge of Richard I. to Saladin, and that of Edward III. to Philip of France, to settle their disputes by single combat. Under such a régime it was not to be expected that men so exact in their observance of the punctilio of the tournament would be more remiss in their wars; hence, we are not surprised to learn that as a necessary preliminary to the commencement of hostilities, letters of formal defiance were always exchanged. Of these a somewhat burlesqued example is given in *Ivanhoe*.

At a rather later date, verbal proclamation through a herald was substituted for these letters of defiance. This continued to be practised till the sixteenth century, and there are two instances of it so recently as the middle of the next century. In 1635, Louis XIII. sent a herald to Brussels to declare war against Spain; and twenty-two years afterwards, Sweden declared war against Denmark by the mouth of a herald sent to Copenhagen.

But even prior to this time, influences had been at work which undermined the old usages. After the close of the Hundred Years' War, the civil wars in England, the consolidation of the great European states, and above all, the fierce rancour engendered in the religious wars, had all contributed to discredit the old forms of feudal chivalry. Written declarations were substituted for proclamation by heralds, and as early as 1588 the Great Armada attacked England without any Declaration at all.

The great legal writers still lent their support to the older usage; as where Grotius declares that the voice of God and Nature alike order men to renounce friendship before embarking in war. But in spite of their influence, practice became very loose. On the one hand, we have the two cases already cited, and our war with the Dutch in 1671, where there was solemn proclamation. On the other, we have the war of Gustavus Adolphus with the Empire, and an English expedition against the Spanish West Indies in 1654, carried through without Declaration; and our Dutch wars of 1652 and 1665; the war between Portugal and the Dutch in 1645; and finally, the war between France and the Empire in 1688, in all of which hostilities were in an advanced state before any Declaration was issued.

Still, the lingering influence of the older usage is shown in the distinction which Molloy, a writer in touch with the practice of men of action, draws between 'solemn' and 'unsolemn' wars. 'A general war,' says he, 'is either solemnly denounced or not solemnly denounced; the former is when war is solemnly declared or proclaimed by our king against another state. An unsolemn war is when two nations slip into war without any solemnity, and ordinarily happeneth amongst us. Again, if a foreign prince invades our coasts or sets upon the king's navy at sea, a real, though not solemn war may, and hath formerly, arisen. So that a state of war may be between two kingdoms without any proclamation or indiction thereof, or other matter of record to prove it.'

In far the greater number of the struggles of the eighteenth century, no Declaration was issued until a state of war had been constituted *de facto*, and had even in some instances existed for many years. In some few cases the whole contest was begun, continued, and ended without notification, while it is difficult to find a single case where the commencement of hostilities was preceded by Declaration.

An influential minority of jurists now began to lend the weight of their authority to the new usage; but the majority continued to support the old doctrine, which died hard. Practically, however, the only two directions in which it manifested its continued vitality were equally unfortunate.

On the one hand, by furnishing a defeated nation, against which no Declaration had been made, with a formal ground for regarding itself as wronged, it led to feelings of rancour being perpetuated against the conquerors. One instance of this is to be found in the indignation of Austria at the unannounced attack by Prussia on Silesia in 1740. In this case the irritation was perhaps hardly to be wondered at, as Frederick had actually his armies in Silesia two days before the Emperor even knew of the ground of quarrel.

Where, on the other hand, Declarations were issued, as was customary, long after war had commenced, angry disputes arose whether property captured before the date of issue was lawful prize. The decision that such property was good prize if *condemned* after the Declaration, shows how merely formal was even the show of respect which its supporters still managed to secure for the old doctrine.

During the latter part of the century, when the burdens laid upon neutrals had become more onerous, the very commendable custom sprang up, and was generally adopted, of issuing a manifesto or notice of the commencement of war, not necessarily to the enemy, but to the diplomatic agents of other nations who were required to observe the laws of neutrality.

The opinion of the great jurists of this century, since the close of the Napoleonic wars in 1815, has been more equally divided on the necessity of Declaration. Several of the leading continental authorities still maintain that some form of notice to the enemy is imperative. Others, along with the more influential British and American authorities, take the opposite view. Let us glance at the practice in the matter as shown in the greater recent wars.

In neither the war with England in 1812 nor with Mexico in 1846, did the United States issue either Manifesto or Declaration. Of the smaller wars down to 1870 in which a European power was engaged on one side or the other, our own unimportant contest with Persia in 1838 affords what seems to be a solitary instance of Declaration. The Opium War of 1840, the Italian War of 1847-49, the Anglo-Persian War of 1856, as well as the Danish struggle about Schleswig-Holstein in 1863, and the war between Brazil and Uruguay in the following year, all commenced by acts of hostility, preceded, indeed, in several instances by diplomatic notes and manifestoes, but in no case heralded by Declaration of War.

In November 1853, after prolonged negotiations had already taken place, the Ottoman Porte protested against Russian claims, and intimated its intention of going to war. To this the Emperor Nicholas responded in a very elaborate formal Declaration, emitted at Moscow. Hostilities did not actually commence till the 4th of November, three days after the Czar's proclamation, of which the Sultan had thus time to become aware. Relations between the Czar and the English and French courts became more and more strained during the next few weeks. On the 8th of February 1854, the Russian minister left England; and six days later, Lord Clarendon in the House of Lords stated that we were 'drifting into war.' On the 21st, Nicholas issued a manifesto complaining of the unfriendly attitude of England and France. On the 27th, Captain Blackwood was sent to St

Petersburg with an Ultimatum, his instructions being to wait six days for an answer. Before that time had elapsed, the Emperor declined to give any reply; but the Russian Foreign Minister stated privately that his master would not declare war.

On the 22d of March a message from the Queen was read in the House of Lords declaring war; and the *Gazette* of the 28th contained the announcement and justification of this step. On the 31st, according to a quaint old custom, the High Sheriff and other chief City dignitaries of London attended in their robes and proclaimed the war from the steps of the Exchange. Early in April, we completed the alliance with France, now also in arms against the Muscovite. All these steps, it will be observed, were simply for the information of our own subjects and of neutrals, no steps being taken, as in earlier times, to give a formal notice to the enemy.

This also was the case five years later in the Austro-Italian war of 1859. The Emperor's Ultimatum was presented on the 23d of April; and two days afterwards Count Cavour intimated its rejection. On the same day Victor Emmanuel announced to the army the outbreak of war, and on the 26th operations commenced.

The American Civil War presents an interesting instance of the modern tendency to rely on facts rather than forms. As the North never recognised the Southern States as being other than rebels, of course they were precluded from declaring war against them; but in a way which may be readily summarised, a state of war came to be recognised as having in point of fact supervened on a state of insurrection. The Secession movement, which began in South Carolina on the 20th December 1861, speedily spread to the other Southern States. On the 9th of January 1861 the first shot was fired from the batteries of Fort Sumter on the *Star of the West*, attempting to enter Charleston with reinforcements. Notwithstanding this, Lincoln on the 4th of March still characterised the movement as insurrectionary. Nine days later, Charleston surrendered to the Confederates, and war-votes were then asked for. On the 15th of April, letters of marque were issued by the South, and a blockade proclaimed by the North. On the 3d of May, larger war-votes were asked, and Mr Seward announced in a letter to the American Minister at Paris that the Government had 'accepted the Civil War as an inevitable necessity.' England and France thereupon recognised the rights of the South as a belligerent State, and issued proclamations of neutrality. This action they justified on the ground that although there had been no Declaration of War, the credits voted and the proclamation of blockade were facts consistent only with a state of war, not of mere insurrection.

The Seven Weeks' War of 1866 began with the rupture, on the 12th of June, of diplomatic relations between Prussia and Austria, followed on the same day by a Declaration of War by the former power against Saxony, whose territory was entered on the 15th. On the 16th, Austria intimated her intention of supporting Saxony, and this Prussia interpreted as a Declaration of War. A bellicose manifesto addressed 'To My Armies' was issued by Francis Joseph. On the 22d, Prince Fritz Carl complained of the violation of the Silesian frontier

by the Austrians, without any formal Declaration of War. This complaint is a curious example of historical retribution, a precisely similar protest having been made, it will be remembered, one hundred and twenty years earlier by Austria against the Prussian invasion of Silesia. The Red Prince followed up his complaint by formally declaring war against Austria, a measure which Italy had taken two days previously.

Four years later, Prussia was again involved in a war which was destined to complete the unification of Germany, to which the Seven Weeks' War had been the first step. On the 15th of July 1870 it was announced by the French Ministry that the King of Prussia had refused to receive the Emperor's ambassador, and that the German Minister was preparing to leave Paris. Large war credits were asked, as, in the face of these facts, France could no longer maintain peace. On the 16th the slighted French Minister reached Paris, and the German representative left. France thereupon, with a self-assertion characteristic of the popular feeling of the time, issued a Declaration of War, a copy of which was handed by the chargé d'affaires at Berlin to Count Bismarck, by whom it was laid before the parliament of the North German Confederation on the 20th. England on the 19th had recognised the existence of war by her proclamation of neutrality.

In the next war of any moment, the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, we have a *reductio ad absurdum* of the doctrine of the necessity for a Declaration so far as demanded in the interests of the enemy. On the 24th of April the Czar emitted a Declaration of War at Kischeneff. Copies were circulated among the commanding officers of the various regiments, and the diplomatic agents of the Great Powers were also properly enough apprised of the contents, with the result that England, France, and Italy issued proclamations of neutrality six days later. The Sublime Porte, for whose information the Declaration was presumably, in the first instance, intended, of course got a copy of the manifesto; but the precise extent to which it benefited by the war being *declared* (not simply *begun*) will be appreciated when it is remembered that by the evening of the day when the Emperor made the proclamation at Kischeneff, fifty thousand troops had already crossed the frontier into Roumania.

Among struggles of less importance, our Ashantee War of 1873, the Transvaal War, the French wars in Tonquin and China, and the Egyptian War, all began without Declaration. In the last-mentioned case, Arabi-Pasha was required by Admiral Seymour, on the 10th of July 1882, to surrender the forts of Alexandria; and on his failure to do so within the time specified, the bombardment began.

Lastly, we have two instances in which small states have recently reverted to the ancient practice. On the 12th of November 1885, King Thebaw of Burmah favoured us with a Declaration of War, the information conveyed by which, however, appears rather superfluous, as our troops were already advancing on his capital. Our reply was a proclamation deposing his dusky majesty.

In the same month Serbia went to war with Bulgaria. Serbia, to be so juvenile a power,

seems to be a good deal of a formalist. In both of her attacks on Turkey—in June 1876 and December 1877—she duly declared war before attacking; and when she came to differ with Bulgaria in 1885, she acted consistently, sending a most orthodox Declaration of War, the challenge in which was cordially accepted by Bulgaria all in due form, *selon les règles*, just as if the disputants had been a couple of feudal barons of the middle ages. As, however, both parties complain of previous invasions of territory, we are tempted to inquire of what use was all this ceremony?

And now to revert to our recent dispute with Portugal, it is to be hoped that the acceptance of our terms by the court at Lisbon has obviated the possibility of this resulting in the addition of another to the precedents on the commencement of modern warfare. This being so, we can with more satisfaction consider the theoretical question as to what would have been the precise result had the required concessions been declined. Well, from the cases considered we are in a position to say that the withdrawal of our ambassador would have been sufficient intimation of our abandonment of all hope of diplomatic settlement to justify us in beginning hostilities. At the same time it would not of itself have involved us in war. Nay, even the more unequivocal step of the dismissal of their ambassador, while rendering hostilities inevitable, would not, at least in questions with outside nations, have established a state of war until followed by some recognised act of war (such, for example, as a blockade). Until this took place, it would still have been in the option of Portugal to have made terms with us, by mediation or otherwise, on the footing that we were still at peace.

As to the merits of the contention for explicit Declaration handed to the enemy, there is no better pronouncement than that of Mr Hall: 'The use of a Declaration does not exclude surprise, but it at least provides that notice shall be served an infinitesimal space of time before a blow is struck. A manifesto, unless it be understood that hostilities are not to commence until after there is reasonable certainty that authenticated information of its contents has reached the enemy's government, is quite consistent with a blow before notice. The truth is that no forms can give security against disloyal conduct, and that when no disloyalty occurs, states always sufficiently well know when they stand on the brink of war.' The incidents of the opening of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 furnish sufficient comment on this passage.

In short, steam and electricity have rendered communication so rapid, and the state of organisation—not merely national but international—is so complete in modern society, that two nations cannot approach a rupture without both being fully aware of it. The withdrawal and, still more, the dismissal of an ambassador is therefore sufficient warning how matters stand to warrant an immediate commencement of operations, which is in fact a Declaration of War. Written declarations, proclamations, manifestoes, gazette notices, and the like, are chiefly useful as bringing under the notice of outside nations the existence of a state of war which demands the observance by them of the rules of neutrality.

Even for this purpose, however, unequivocal *acts of war* raise a necessary presumption of the *fact of war* which neutrals are not entitled to disregard.

J. R. C.

JULIUS VERNON:

A STORY OF HYDE PARK.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Mr Clayton learned from his daughter of Frank Holmes having been there and of the efforts he was making in Faune's behalf, he was touched by the young man's generosity. This was greater than he knew, but he knew enough to appreciate it. It somewhat altered, however, an opinion he had half formed—which events had forced upon him—that Holmes was himself in love with Mary. Mr Clayton had never had a firm opinion as to this; for if Holmes were a lover, why did he suffer himself to be cut out by Faune when the field was open to him? It indeed seemed on the whole, to the banker, that as regarded his daughter and Frank Holmes—who had both had ample opportunity of knowing each other's sentiments before Faune came upon the scene—there was a failure of love on one side or the other, or both. Faune's success seemed to have been easily won; and if Holmes loved Mary, he would hardly be so zealous a defender of his rival now.

And this brought Mr Clayton to consider the situation that would arise in the event of Faune being acquitted. It occurred to him this evening to mention it to his daughter, because that telegram from Holmes stating that the meeting with 'M' in the Park had no reference to the murder, had inclined him to a more favourable view of the prisoner's case. When he told his daughter about this matter, he found that she had already heard of it, and learned from her the important deduction which Frank Holmes had indicated—namely, the explanation of Faune's leaving Cadogan Place so early.

'That is very important, Mary: it takes away one of the most serious links in the case against him. I am beginning to feel that he has been the victim of very unfortunate appearances.'

'I hope so, papa,' she replied, without seeming to share his confidence.

'In case of his acquittal, Mary, of course a good deal of reparation will be due to him.'

Mary Clayton said nothing, and in truth her father found it difficult to get at his position. Assuming Faune to be acquitted, no stain could be presumed to remain on his character on account of the awful charge. Should he not be entitled, then, to resume his former social position and to receive the warm congratulations of his friends? Only one thing barred—this was the matter of the cheque. Mr Clayton as yet knew only a part of that transaction, enough, however, to cast a deep shadow on Faune's honour. But, unconsciously, he was still under the influence of the young fellow's manners, and if his daughter's wish was to resume former relations, the banker's sense of reparation due to the unjustly accused man would probably cover over the transgression of the cheque. And—assuming Claude Faune to be proved guiltless, and to have no worse offence against him than the affair

of the cheque, which might be open to mitigating explanation—Mr Clayton, in his present frame of mind, saw no reason why former relations should not be resumed, if his child's affections were at stake.

He shrank, however, as yet, from approaching that subject with her; there was not sufficient certainty. He half resolved it would be advisable to consult Frank Holmes first. Poor Frank!

When his daughter came to say good-night to him, Mr Clayton was startled by her looks. 'My child,' he said, caressing her hand, 'you are making yourself ill. Have courage; all will be well in time. Why do you not go out for a while every day? Shall I take you for a drive to-morrow?'

'Thank you, papa. No; I will not take you from your business. Perhaps I may go by myself.'

'Shall I send Frank Holmes to take you out?'

he asked, after a pause.

'If he can spare time, papa, I shall be glad,' she answered; and Mr Clayton promised to ask him.

Can a refined woman willingly become the wife of a man whom she despises, or has good cause to despise? This was the problem that filled the reflections of poor Holmes as he trudged wearily towards the offices of Mr Crudie, Faune's solicitor, after Mr Clayton had called on him next morning. Mr Clayton had asked him to take his daughter out, and Holmes had promised to do so, after calling on Mr Crudie. Then Mr Clayton went on—unconscious of the pain caused to his patient listener—to state his anxieties regarding the situation on Faune's release, should he be released. The tendency of the banker's feelings was plainly indicated; and it seemed clear enough to Holmes that, if Mary Clayton consented, the marriage would eventually take place in the contingency of an acquittal.

Of course he expressed no opinion, but consented to think it over; however, that which Mr Clayton was most anxious to find out was the attitude his daughter would be likely to take in the eventuality contemplated. Frank Holmes could have told him that his daughter loved Faune; but past that, he knew nothing.

Could she marry Faune, if he should be acquitted? He remembered what she had said to him on that matter. He knew that she could never respect the man. But certain powerful forces had come into operation since then, and who can count on the decisions of a woman when her affections are concerned? We find women who are worthy of all the reverence man can give them, wedded to worthless husbands; but it was probably after marriage they discovered the clay their idol was made of. Sometimes we see such women voluntarily giving themselves to men whose worthlessness they know; alas, for the forlorn-hope of love making the creatures better! There was no variety of the melancholy case that Holmes did not turn over in his thoughts.

He believed that to Mary Clayton's pure and delicate sense there was no gilding over, with love's poor art, that which was unworthy of respect. But supposing him to be innocent, the man would come out of prison after suffering most cruel

wrong, and it was far from unlikely that the girl would regard herself as in some measure responsible for the wrong. How far, then, would the combined forces of pity for his suffering and anxiety to repair her own share of the injury go towards counterbalancing the opposite feeling? To offer herself as an expiation is just the sacrifice at which some girls, of Mary Clayton's character, would not hesitate.

In the opinion of Holmes, the event would hardly occur to demand the sacrifice; none the less was the possibility distressing to him. If he did not love her so truly himself, and if he could exonerate himself from the silent reproach of having delivered her over to this rival without one attempt to win her for his own, he could regard the contingency of her becoming after all the wife of Faune with as much pity, but with much less pain. He did not think that Faune would be acquitted; but Mr Clayton had strongly impressed him with the possibility that, if acquitted, the man would still be able to win his prize. With a heavy sigh, Frank Holmes wished it were all over. One way or the other, there was no hope for him; he was long too late for that; and was so sure of his strength that he was ready to come to her whenever she wished, in the old manner. All the kindness of his nature was at her service, and he knew how she needed kindness now.

This visit he was paying to Faune's solicitor was the last step he intended to take in the case. He saw no good that he could do in any direction; but after learning how far the defence had got, he could form a more decided opinion.

Mr Crudie was a gentleman who had achieved some fame in criminal cases. He willingly gave Holmes an interview; and when the latter stated his position in relation to the case, the solicitor expressed his readiness to discuss it with him.

'I have thought of asking to see Faune,' said Holmes; 'but I am afraid it would be of little use.'

'It would be very little use, Mr Holmes,' said the solicitor emphatically. 'He is the most impracticable client I have ever had. I am afraid I cannot do much for him; and but that it would prejudice his case, I would throw it up.'

This was a surprising statement.

'Is his case so bad as that?'

'We have practically nothing to go upon, Mr Holmes, unless the prisoner's friends find something for us. Our position is simply a negative one. The only point the Crown have not yet established is the identity of Faune with Julius Vernon, or the fact of communication between him and the governess. There is something in the dark which we do not know, and which it is important we should know.'

'Will he tell you nothing at all?' asked Holmes in astonishment. 'If he closes his lips, he may as well plead guilty. Does he give any account of himself on the night of the 10th of June?'

'Merely that he left Cadogan Place soon after nine o'clock, that he met you at Albert Gate about a quarter past, and that he kept an appointment with a man in the Park for two or three minutes at half-past nine.'

'He has told you that?'

'Then you were aware of it?' said the solicitor, a little surprised.

'I happened to find it out.—I may say more about it presently.—What does Faune say about it?'

'Nothing, more than what I have told you. He sullenly says: "You ask me what I did that night. I met a man by appointment inside the Park railings opposite the top of South Street at half-past nine; we spent about three minutes together; then he went back by Hyde Park Corner, and I went home."—He has refused to give me either the man's name or the business they had.'

'But he did not go straight to his rooms. Mount Street was close by, and it was within five minutes of ten when he entered his lodgings.'

'He says he had a smoke.'

'And the previous night, Friday, has he mentioned where he spent it?'

Mr Crudie took a paper from a drawer and referred to it. 'Wednesday, dined at Cadogan Place; Thursday, at club, did not leave till 11.30—that's the Schools Club; Friday, at club, left at 9, and smoked in the Park till past 10 o'clock.'

Holmes felt the gravity of that last statement. Inch by inch, from unexpected quarters, conviction was creeping upon the doomed man. The solicitor noticed the change in his visitor's face.

'I know the man he met in Hyde Park on the Saturday night, Mr Crudie, and I know why he met him. At first, I thought the fact might be important as accounting for Faune leaving Mr Clayton's when he did.'

'Don't you think so still?' Mr Crudie asked with interest. 'Is the man to be had?'

'Mr Crudie, it was chiefly to warn you against that mirage that I decided to see you. The man is gone out of the country. It is unnecessary to say more. Accept my assurance that it is best to ignore that incident, as matters at present stand. Should they take another turn, of course I would put everything I know into your hands. If Faune refuses to help himself, his friends are powerless.'

'That is very true, Mr Holmes. There is his disappearance from London on Sunday the 11th, which Faune obstinately refuses to explain. It was not done in the fashion of a murderer, was it? Of course there are exceptions to every rule; but the method of the murder, and the manner of his disappearance from London and reappearance in an East-end lodging-house, are not, to my mind, suggestive of the same origin.'

'You think it possible, then, that his conduct had reference to some other motive?'

'What can I think?' replied the solicitor with a gesture of impatience. 'The man's manner to me is reserved and sullen even; he seems apathetic, indifferent as to his fate. Now, my experience is that a guilty man is seldom able to keep up a show of that sort. But a man's fortunes and character may be so desperate, that an acquittal would be felt by him as no boon; that, in fact, being hanged for a crime of which he is innocent may be regarded as the less of two evils; the other being the usual catastrophe of suicide, to get rid of a miserable and hopeless existence.'

Holmes was growing interested.

'There is much about Faune that sometimes suggests these thoughts to me. Mind, my theory is only a theory, and a speculative one, and the furthest I will go is to think that it leaves room for a doubt as to his guilt. Of course it would be no use mentioning such a theory in court. What do you think of it, Mr Holmes? You are better acquainted with his affairs than I am.'

Holmes thought over it for a few minutes. The theory was that, if guiltless of the murder of Margaret Neale, Faune was sunk to that low ebb of existence whose only available cure is suicide, and was willing to accept judicial death with the melancholy consciousness of innocence, as a relief from the moral responsibility of self-destruction. From his own point of view, Holmes could not admit that the man's case in life was desperate, but he could not see it with Faune's eyes. All the same he shook his head.

'I do not think it is that, Mr Crudie. It is something he is afraid to confess even to you. Has he accounted for himself in no way at all since leaving London?'

'Yes—to some extent he has.—Was he, to your knowledge, addicted to drinking?'

'To my knowledge, as long as I knew him, his habits in that respect were as delicate as a lady's. I have heard, indeed, that he gambled, and lost a good deal lately from taking too much brandy; but I have hardly credited it.'

'Nevertheless, he had been drinking heavily before his arrest. I saw the evidence of it myself. He has admitted to me that all that fatal Sunday in his rooms he had been taking brandy; that he had hardly a recollection of his departure from London; that, however, he slept in the train, and therefore remembered his arrival in Dover; that there he drank more, and believes—without being certain—that he wrote a letter to Miss Clayton: what the letter contained and whether he posted it or not he does not recollect at all. Then he darkly refers to some act of perfidy which he refuses to explain; after this his memory is a blank until he finds himself, shattered and penniless and degraded, in a low lodging at the docks.—What do you think of that story?'

'I am afraid it is of little use to you, whether true or not. Miss Clayton received no letter from him, I am certain.'

'Perhaps he failed to post it, or never wrote it at all. But it is of no consequence. The only leg, in fact, we have to fight upon,' said the solicitor, 'is to stick fast to the theory that no person on earth had any motive to kill Margaret Neale except her husband, and make the Crown prove that Faune was the husband before they can ask the jury to convict him. Cases have been won on weaker grounds.'

'You mean to fight on that line, then? They will challenge you to account for the prisoner's movements the night of the murder, and I warn you again, you dare not produce the man he met in the Park, even if he was to be had.'

'That's a difficulty; but we may get over it. If they don't find evidence connecting Faune with the governess, we will make it warm for them, at all events. That is how we stand at present.'

The only hope, therefore, of an acquittal depended on the Crown being unable to establish

the prisoner's identity with Julius Vernon, or his correspondence with Margaret Neale since his return to England; in which event an able counsel might succeed in so shaking the jury as to compel them to bring in a verdict of acquittal.

HOW SAILORS ARE PUNISHED.

IN the matter of punishments at the present day the sailor has a much greater variety than 'Tommy Atkins.' Although the days of flogging are past, and the severe and inhuman cruelties which were formerly inflicted by martinet and merciless captains have long been abolished, some of the offences of England's 'jolly tars' and their punishment may still be interesting.

Breaking leave—in sailors' parlance, 'stretching it'—and drunkenness are the two offences for which the majority figure in the defaulters' book. When a seaman comes on board intoxicated he is put into the cockpit or 'flats,' and if noisy, put in irons until he is sober. The irons, it may be said in passing, consist of two steel bracelets and two anklets, and these are fastened together by a heavy chain weighing from sixteen to thirty pounds; the whole forming the 'jewelry' the noisy culprits are compelled to wear. He who breaks his leave goes to his work as usual. Both classes of offenders have their names entered in the defaulters' book, and are marshalled on the quarter-deck next morning to receive punishment. When the bugle sounds the 'Cornish Mill,' each man must answer to his name—to be 'stretched off,' as it is termed—when read from the defaulters' book by the master-at-arms, before the Captain and the Commander. Usually, the sentence for a first offence of drunkenness is to have one day's pay stopped for every six hours the culprit was unfit for duty. If on this occasion it should be a second offence, in addition to this the offender loses any stripe or badge he may have and is also 'black-listed.' If the offence is continued, the punishment is doubled when possible, and the culprit is sometimes confined to cells or imprisoned on shore.

The punishment for being absent 'over leave,' for a first offence, is a day's pay stopped for every six hours over the time for returning. If the offence is repeated, the additional punishments are, being black-listed or confined to cells, and one day's leave stopped for every six hours' absence. According to conduct, the men enjoy one of four classes of leave: Special, Privilege, General, and Habitual. Special leave is an allowance of every other night ashore; Privilege, twice each week—Thursday and Sunday; General, once each month; Habitual, once in ninety days. Being 'black-listed' means that the seaman has his grog stopped, is not allowed to smoke, is put back into a lower class for leave, and has to work in all his 'spare' time. Another punishment for minor offences is '10 A'—that is, having to eat all your meals on the upper deck, being employed between watches in the daytime holystoning or cleaning bright metal-work; and when in harbour, standing from eight till ten at night facing the ship's side, aft; in addition to having the grog stopped and not being allowed to smoke. The other seamen are allowed to 'enjoy the weed forrards' in the forecabin meal-times and in the evening. At nine o'clock every morning the

bugle sounds 'Divisions'—that is, the inspection by the Lieutenant of Divisions—on Sunday by the Captain. This is for the purpose of seeing that every man is clean and tidy and in the 'full rig of the day.' Should the officer be of opinion that a seaman requires a shave, that his silk is not tied as per regulation, or the tapes sewn on the collar too close, he will order the man to appear for punishment next morning. The sentence is generally the same as for breaking leave; but sometimes when a seaman is not shaved properly, he is ordered to stand on the quarter-deck during dinner-time, and afterwards allow the ship's barber to shave him there—not an easy shave by any means.

While the Divisions inspection is proceeding on the upper deck, the Commander goes below to see that the mess is properly scrubbed out, and the mess-traps, hook-pots, kettles, &c., polished and in their proper place. Each mess numbers from sixteen to twenty men; these are divided into two watches, and one from each watch is appointed cook for the day, each man taking his turn. This cook draws the meat from the steward, the cocoa for breakfast, &c., from the ship's cook, makes the pie or stew for dinner, lays out the table, &c., and after each meal 'clears up' for inspection. Should any fault be found with the appurtenances of the mess by the Commander, the cook for the day receives the punishment.

Another tour of inspection is made by the Commander at nine P.M., principally to see that all naked lights are out. If a hammock is found down on the deck instead of being 'strung up' in its place, the owner has to carry it about the next evening from eight till ten. Similarly, the owner of any bag the number of which is not properly polished has to carry the bag and all it contains for a couple of hours at night on deck.

If found washing clothes on any other but washing nights—twice each week—a seaman will be ordered to carry the article on a boat-hook round the upper deck until it is dry. As the officer of the watch is the judge as to when all the moisture has evaporated, it is as well to be 'on good terms' with him.

If a seaman should leave any article of clothes out of his bag, it is appropriated by the man in charge of the deck, and deposited in what is called the 'scran-bag.' This is opened once a week, and each sailor who is the happy owner of anything contained therein is mulct in the value of one piece of soap for each article 'bagged.'

These are the minor offences and punishments. If, however, a seaman persists in getting tipsy or breaking leave, then—should the vessel be in harbour—he is sentenced to imprisonment with hard labour for terms varying according to the offence.

To strike, 'check,' or even 'answer back' an officer, means being tried by court-martial and perchance dismissed from the service. We never hear now of the cases of tyranny by officers which in former times produced such a dread of the sea; but at the same time, when vessels are stationed abroad for any length of time, some of those in authority like to try punishments originated by themselves. The following is still in the memory of the writer, and occurred on a foreign station. Not being up in time when the

boatswain's mate pipes 'reelers'—those who are to hold the log five minutes before each hour—is a punishable offence, and the culprit is usually ordered to stand under the lee of the trysail for a couple of hours, so that the back-wind will beat down and chill him to the bone. On this particular occasion one man was not up to time. He was taken before the officer of the watch, who then ordered the boatswain's mate to make the 'tripping line' fast around him, giving enough 'drift' (loose rope) to allow the seaman to go down to his mess as usual. When it was again time for piping 'reelers,' several hands were ordered to 'stand by' the tripping line. The moment the whistle was heard, away ran the men hauling the line, and up came the delinquent in 'double-quick' time, with greater alacrity than he was prepared for, and being slightly bruised in his flying passage through the hatchway from his mess to the upper deck. The officer was not yet satisfied, so the culprit was ordered another dose at the next hour. We again went below, and passed the time lying on the mess-deck round the wardroom galley, some snoozing, some thinking of home. In this galley, on a stove, there always stood a large iron stock-pot, this being a receptacle for odd bits of meat, bones, pieces of fish, &c., and which was occasionally turned into a stew and sold to the hands by the wardroom cook, this being one of his perquisites. No sooner was all quiet than the culprit stealthily unfastened the tripping line from around him, and after passing it through the two handles of the pot, made it fast. The time soon arrived. The whistle sounded, and away went the pot clattering, spilling its greasy contents all over the place, and was at last hove empty on deck in front of the now literally aghast officer of the watch.

The culprit was brought before him. Whether owing to the fact that it was not a 'regulation' punishment, or that the officer could scarcely stifle his laughter when he saw the joke, we cannot say, but the seaman escaped by scrubbing and holystoning out the grease in his 'watch below.'

LA CHASSE.

FROM THE DIARY OF JONES.

'Of course I don't suppose that my wishes will influence you,' said my wife; 'but if you cared to please me, you would let me accept the Comte's invitation.'

'My dear,' I replied, 'if I could shoot, I would ask you to write and accept it at once. But, as I've told you before, I can't shoot; haven't had a gun in my hand since I was a boy. I'm sure you wouldn't like your husband to go out and make an exhibition of himself before a lot of French strangers?'

'That's nonsense, Algernon. And to say you can't shoot is to tell a deliberate untruth. Were you not a Volunteer for seven years, and didn't you win a cup?'

'That's a totally different thing, my dear; you mustn't confuse target practice with field-sport.'

'I'm quite aware that I don't know anything about it,' answered Mrs Jones, with that air of

acid humility that always aggravates me. 'It's my stupidity, of course; but I confess I can't see the difference.'

I knew better than try to demonstrate a difference which Mrs Jones didn't want to see; so I overlooked her remark, and endeavoured to escape in another direction.

'De Villebrotonne isn't a *real* Count, you know, dearest.'

'Monsieur le Comte de Villebrotonne is a *real* Count, Algernon. You will want to persuade me next that he is not a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, though one never sees him without the ribbon in his button-hole. Besides, that's got nothing to do with it.'

It was all very well for her to say so, but I knew better.

'Well,' she said, finding I did not answer, 'I suppose it's no use my saying any more about it. But I must say, Algernon, that I can't understand your dislike to good society.' She rose from the breakfast table with a sigh and went up-stairs to her own room to answer the note which had caused this little unpleasantness. I would have liked very much to let her accept it; but if there's one man I despise more than another it's the man typified by Mr Winkle. Personally, I always avoid doing what I can't do really well; and to go out shooting with a French party, who would expect the Englishman to make an enormous bag, was not to be thought of for a moment—not for a moment.

I was pleased to find that Mrs Jones had given up all idea of going to the Château de Brotonne when she returned to our sitting-room an hour later. She produced her work, and began to converse on different topics with her usual good-temper and shrewd sense.

'Oh, by the way,' she remarked after a time, 'I heard from Mrs Jobson this morning. I can't say I like that woman, Algernon.'

The Jobsons are our next-door neighbours at Tooting; I don't know Mrs J. very well, but Jobson is an awful snob.

'They've been spending a few days with Sir Solomon Meeler,' continued my wife; 'from her letter, you would suppose they had been staying at Sandringham.'

'We shall never hear the last of that,' I said, 'though Sir Solomon is only a City Knight.'

It was not a kind thing to say, I know; but it was quite true. That fellow Jobson is always cramming his grand acquaintances down one's throat. I wonder he never sees himself what fearful bad form it is. How he would have jumped at an invitation from a French nobleman!

'Well, if she bothers me about it, I shall just tell her'—Mrs Jones didn't say what she would tell Mrs Jobson; she broke off with a meaning nod, and began mending one of my socks.

'It's a great pity you're not a shot, Algie,' she said presently; 'but of course it would never do to go out and miss everything you fired at.'

'I don't suppose I should be quite so bad as that,' I answered.

'I wonder if Mr Jobson had any shooting at Sir Solomon Meeler's?' said my wife, ignoring my disclaimer.

It was more than probable that he had. Sir Solomon possessed very large covers round his

place in Kent, and I believe Jobson really is a bit of a shot.

'Well,' said my wife, after a long silence, 'I must run out and post my reply to the Comte's invitation.—Or will you take it for me, Algie?'

'Maria,' I said—a little awkwardly, I fear, for in principle I never change my mind—'I—er—think perhaps you might accept De Villebrotonne's invitation.'

I could not wish my best friend better luck than that he may find as good a wife as mine. She's a paragon, that woman. She has converted an old suit of tweeds into the most workman-like shooting costume, with a belt round the waist; she has begged the loan of Brunel's gun for me, and went herself to a gunmaker to order a hundred cartridges, and hire a bag for them. The man wouldn't let her have a game-bag unless she bought one at forty francs, so she very rightly declined it; it would be rather extravagant to purchase a game-bag for one day's sport.

Although I can't speak a dozen words of French, I am very glad we came. The Château is a beautiful place, well worth visiting for its own sake; and if I felt rather out in the cold at dinner last night, Mrs Jones enjoyed herself thoroughly. Never mind; my turn comes to-day. We have had early breakfast in our own room, and I am on my way down-stairs to join the shooting party; they are all waiting for me in the great entrance hall.

They make a very effective group, I must confess. De Villebrotonne is attired in a dress of dark green with brass buttons, and he wears a black velvet cap like a huntsman, and tanned yellow boots drawn high over his knees. Slung at his back he carries a number of bags and silver-mounted pouches, and an immense curly horn. All his friends are similarly attired, and I feel rather a moth among butterflies as I join them.

'Aha! my friend,' says the Count, coming forward to shake hands. 'How you are, Jone? You sleep vell this night? Good-morning. Permit that I introduce my several friends at you, Jone.'

Nice fellow the Count; he always calls me 'Jone,' which he appears to think is the proper way to pronounce my name. He presents me to eight other men, all of whom carry guns, and huge game-bags tastefully fringed with many-coloured strings. Some of them look rather severely at my costume as we stream out of doors; but no one says anything. I wish I had had an idea what these people wore out shooting; I wouldn't have gone to the expense of buying a green coat, of course; but I could at least have brought my cornet: not a man among the lot is without a musical instrument of some kind, and a few of them have two, a small and a large one.

'You have moch cartritch,' says the Count, pinching the bag that hangs over my shoulder. 'That is good; you shall see moch sport ven ve beat le plain.'

'Yes, Count,' I reply; 'I have only a hundred cartridges, but I hope they will be sufficient.'

De Villebrotonne nods emphatic approval, but suddenly he stops short and exclaims: 'You have not one game-bags, Jone!'

'I couldn't find mine,' I say uneasily. It has

dawned upon me all at once that it's rather an anomalous proceeding to start with a hundred cartridges and no game-bag. Looks odd, to say the least of it.

But the Count nods again good-humouredly and says: 'Ah, it shall not import. The *garde de chasse* shall supply; it is your Engleesh custom, I know.'

I didn't know; but I thank him, and we move on. After a quarter of an hour's walk, which the Count and his friends beguile by narrating what are clearly shooting stories, we reach the corner of a wood where a number of men holding dogs in leashes and carrying sticks and horns are awaiting us. Two or three wear handsome green liveries; and after a little discussion, which I don't understand, De Villebrotonne calls a gigantic keeper and assigns him to me. 'This my chief *garde de chasse*, Jone,' he says. 'Pierre vill accompany to carry your games you shall shoot. It is vell that two gardes shall be vit you, I tink. Also I send Henri.'

He beckons to a second keeper, and then turns them round to examine their accoutrements. My heart sinks as I see that each man has on his back two game-bags of the very largest size. I knew it! I was perfectly convinced, as I told Mrs Jones, that a great deal would be expected of me. If I shot every day for six months, I shouldn't fill one of those bags; and here I am expected to fill four in a single day. However, it's no good going half-way to meet misfortune; so I respond with grave dignity to the low bows of the smiling keepers, and try to look as though an escort of two game carriers and four dogs is what I have always been accustomed to.

'It most be that you have the favourable place, Jone,' says my host, after another animated conversation with his companions; 'all my friends are moch inseeing that the favourable place is proper to you.'

'You are really too good,' I protest, while a cold stream of perspiration begins to trickle down my back; 'but I cannot think'—

'Not a word, my dear Jone—not a word, I beg you,' interposes the Count. 'It is my wish express.—Do you not say so?'

There's no escape; the Count is backed up by the entire company; and with a sickly smile I bow assent.

'Just tell the *gardes* that I cannot speak French,' I say, as he instructs them where to take me.

'Already I tell to them. But to-day vat imports it? To-day is busnees of *chasse*, not talk; talk after.'

He waves me off; and I follow the keepers down a narrow path which runs between a hedge and a thin coppice; some small detachments of sportsmen, keepers, and dogs have preceded me, and when I look behind, I see others following at intervals.

Before long I hear the notes of a horn in the distance. My escort halts abruptly, and stands listening; the first horn-blast is succeeded by others. Pierre gives one in his turn, and it is taken up by the parties who are in front of us. Then, with polite gestures, he beckons me to come through the coppice and load my gun. As soon as we have got clear of the trees and under-wood, I find that mine is the central party of a

line of similar ones, stationed about two hundred yards apart. Before us lies a stretch of open country, grass land and stubble, which is doubtless the 'plain' we are to beat. I regulate my movements by those of the Count, whose yellow boots are conspicuous on the left, and advance slowly across the field, while the two keepers fall in behind, and step solemnly together like soldiers at a funeral.

Game is not plentiful on my beat; every now and then a lark or starling gets up and flies away twittering, under a volley of smothered exclamations from my attendants. They have set their dogs free, and those obliging animals are ranging gaily before us in a light-hearted fashion which promises to disturb any game in plenty of time to let it escape my gun. The rest of the party are very busy; on both sides gunshots and horn-blasts alternate rapidly, while the men with sticks, who dot the spaces between guns, keep up a vigorous yelling. The noise is inspiring, and my bosom palpitates with a new-born ambition to slaughter something; a French 'beat' properly conducted being very exhilarating.

I am strolling along, with my gun ready for action, and keeping a sharp lookout for something to shoot, when Pierre springs forward, and touching my arm, points to a bird perched on a tiny mound of turf. 'Tirez, Monsieur!' he whispers with hoarse eagerness. 'Tirez!—vite!'

It isn't sportsmanlike to shoot at a sitting bird, but the two keepers evidently expect me to do it; Henri is opening one of his bags, and Pierre is nervously fingering his horn. I don't care whether its sportsmanlike or not, and taking careful aim, I fire. The two men dash forward to pick up the quarry, and I follow, trying to appear cool and unconcerned. Henri has picked up the bird, and comes to meet me carrying it in both hands. Involuntarily, a disgusted 'Oh!' escapes me. It's a thrush.

'Dox't!' I shriek to Pierre, who now has his horn at his lips—'Dox't! Stop that, will you!' For I am in agony lest the Count or some one should come to see what I have killed. It's no good. The wretched man is straining his cheeks over a peal of triumph that might fitly celebrate the fall of a brace of elephants; and then Henri chimes in with his instrument until I fairly dance with shame.

'Pitch it away!' I scream passionately; 'throw it away, will you—down that hole! Oh, and stop that row for any sake, before any one comes!'

But they don't take the least notice of me; they cease their music at last from sheer breathlessness; and despite my protests, Henri carefully bestows the miserable thrush in a game-bag. I suppose he means to eat it himself. I make a firm resolution to fire at no bird or beast I don't recognise, and reload. I'll get that thrush from Henri before any of the others see it, if it costs me fifty francs. I did not believe so respectful a man as Pierre would have been guilty of such an insolent practical joke.

After a time we reach a stubble field, and a small covey of partridges gets up; they rise quite fifty yards away; but I am desperate with anxiety to redeem my character, and give them both barrels. The keepers rush forward as

before, and are still searching the ground with the dogs when I join them.

'How many?' I inquire carelessly, in English.

'Mrien, Monsieur,' says Pierre, horn in hand.

'All right. Leave it in the bag; I don't want to see it.'

The keeper says 'Monsieur!' and blows away at his horn as though his life depended on it. When he stops, the other man begins, and goes on till he is black in the face; then they play a duet together until my frowns grow so alarming that they desist. I should rather like to see the partridge I have killed, but would not deign to ask Henri to produce it, even if I could speak the language. It doesn't do to display such childish interest in details before one's subordinates.

In spite of the disturbing ravages of the dogs, two other coveys get up during the next hour, and I increase my bag. Both are long shots, and the keepers are so quick at finding the birds that they are safely stowed away before I come up, and I don't even see a feather of the spoil. I just ask Pierre 'How many?' in English, and he replies 'Mrien, Monsieur,' before making the echoes ring with his horn. We are within sight of the farmhouse where the ladies are awaiting us with lunch when I make my last addition to the bag. It is a rabbit; rather a young one, certainly, but still a rabbit. I fired into a lot of them playing among some bushes, and one fell. I don't quite understand Pierre and Henri; they made a great fuss about that wretched thrush, and make more over the rabbit, but they never even offered to show me one of the three 'm'riens.' Personally, I'd rather shoot a partridge than a rabbit any day, and I believe all Britons would. But I have learned that English standards don't apply in this country, so do not trouble myself about it. As we enter the farmyard gate, I button-hole Henri, and ask him to give up the thrush, offering a ten-franc piece in exchange. He accepts the coin, but doesn't quite grasp my meaning, for he takes the bag containing the bird from his shoulder and endeavours to throw the band over mine. There's no time to lose, for the Count, who arrived first, is coming to meet me; I am only just able to pull the thrush out of the bag and drop it under the hedge, before he seizes me by the arm.

'Aha, Jone!' he says, 'you do not fire much this morning. Have you make a big bags?'

'Pretty fair, thanks,' I reply. 'I got a rabbit and three m'riens.'

'Tree vat?'

He looks puzzled, so I hastily add: 'Partridges, we call them in English.'

'Vat! You have shoot tree partritch! Vell don you, Jone. Excellent indeed, excellent!'

It is really delightful to see how pleased he is; he shakes me by both hands, and then takes my arm to lead me to the long wooden table, upon which the keepers are turning out the game-bags. Most prominent are two rabbits, four partridges, and a squirrel; there is quite a little heap of blackbirds, thrushes, and larks, and I am wondering if these are considered 'game' in France, when Pierre comes up, and a space is cleared for him to discharge his cargo. I flatter myself that it will make a very respectable addition to the total head of game.

Mrs Jones comes round to congratulate me, while Pierre, with a good deal of unnecessary display, is laying out that rabbit; it looked small when I shot it; but it seems to have shrunk to half its size now, as it lies stretched out before twenty pairs of eyes.

'Is that *all*, Algernon?' inquires my wife in a disappointed whisper. 'The Comte told me'—
'Oh no, my dear; I got three partridges; the other man has them.'

Henri now comes forward and lays down—that confounded thrush! beside the rabbit.

'He says you dropped that at the gate,' interprets my wife as the man says something to me.

'I threw it away,' I whisper in reply; and Mrs Jones's disdainful frown vanishes.

'Ask him where the *m'riens* are, Maria,' I say after a pause; for Henri is backing out of the crowd, shaking his bags, to show that they are empty.

'*M'riens*, Algernon?'

'Yes; isn't "*m'rien*" French for partridge?'

I am glad that none of the Count's friends understand English, for I turn purple under my wife's sarcastic reply: 'If you weren't a fool, Algernon, you'd know by this time that *mais rien* means "nothing."'

'Oh!' I say faintly, 'I didn't know.'

'Never mind,' she says more kindly, as she sees how distressed I am. 'Only I do wish you had asked me before you told the Comte you had shot them. It can't be helped; perhaps he will think that the men couldn't find them.'

It is a very small ray of consolation, and I take good care to sit as far away as possible from the Count at lunch. There a lot of people—the whole party from the Château—and my wife and I get places together unobserved. The storm of conversation is deafening. Every man is giving his neighbour full particulars of how he shot each item of his bag—so my wife tells me—and excitement runs high. Suddenly there is a lull, and De Villebrotonne takes advantage of it to address me from the head of the table.

'After lunch, Jone'—he begins, but gets no further. He is stopped by a man, who bounds from his chair with a shriek, and, with eyes starting from his head, points to the window. 'A hare passed over the lawn,' says Mrs Jones hurriedly. Every one has seized his gun, and the men are falling over each other in a frantic rush through the door. 'Vere is Jone?' cries the Count as he leads the charge. 'Come, Jone, here is now a sport!'

My wife detains me by catching my sleeve. 'Jump out of the window, Algie!' she says quickly.

I grasp my gun, and she throws the hinged window open; all the other ladies are crowding round another which commands a view of the direction in which the hare has gone, so my wife's readiness of resource gives me a long start of the rest, who will have to go round the house.

'Quick!' she cries, as I jump into a frightfully thorny rose-bush. 'There it is in the orchard!'

If the animal had only had the discretion to sit still, I should not have detected it; but as I step on to the gravel path, it hops a little farther away and stops behind a bush. Here is my

chance! That awful blunder about the partridges I never shot is raging in my mind as I kneel down on the grass, for I mean to take a deliberate pot shot and bag that hare, if I can. I fire and kill it!

The creature is what poulterers call 'badly shot,' but no one seems to mind this. All the keepers form up in a row, and blow a pean of praise on their horns for eight minutes. The Count himself carries my quarry into the house to show the ladies; the whole company insist on shaking hands with me; and they won't hear of beginning lunch again until I have described, through Mrs Jones, how I consummated the event of this shooting season.

We did not go out again after lunch. The Count had forgotten the '*m'riens*' in his joy about the hare, and he playfully said that as I had killed every head of game on his property, it would be no use attempting to shoot any more. So we played cards for an hour, and then walked back to the Château. De Villebrotonne would have it that we should march in procession from the entrance gates to the hall door. He put four *gardes de chasse* in front, who walked abreast, blowing horns; Pierre came next, carrying the hare on his shoulders—the Count wouldn't have it put in a bag—then Mrs Jones and I arm-in-arm, she carrying my gun. The others came behind in pairs; and about a dozen more keepers, blowing horns, brought up the rear. Mrs Jones thought they made rather too much of it.

WAITING FOR MAY.

'Tis weary waiting for May, my dear;

'Tis weary waiting for May,

When never a breath of the warm south wind
Comes to open a green-leaved spray;
Sunshine for some, with its glow and light;
And for some, gray skies—but it must be right.

'Tis weary loving too well, my dear,

And finding it all in vain;

'Tis ever the hand we have clung to most
Can stab with the sharpest pain.
And hope dies hard; but the old wounds stay,
Heal them, hide them, as best we may.

My hair was glossy and bright, my dear,

When I watched and waited for May;

'Twas silvered long ere I learned to know
It never would come my way.
Yes, I know—the May-blooms wither and fall;
To have never had them is worst of all!

I should like to have had a time, my dear,

To look back on at close of strife,

And warm myself in a ghostly sun,
Which once had colour and life;
Oh, never had light such a golden haze
As that which shines through the mist of days!

The shadows are falling fast, my dear;

The night is coming soon,

And I am hastening fast to a land
That needs nor sun nor moon;
And I think beyond the grave I'll see
Sunshine and Spring-time kept for me.

MARY GORGES.

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